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An EXCELLENT

GARLAND,

CONTAINING

- 1 Additional Songs in Inkle and Yarico.
- 2 The Revolution, and Gun powder Plot.
- 3 God save the King.
- 4 The Top-sails shiver in the Wind.



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Additional S O N G S

Sung in Inkle and Yarico.

A C T II.

INKLE, Mr. Johnstone.

WHAT Citadel so proud can say
No force shall move, no foe molest?
Ev'n Prudence' surly guard gives way,
When warmer passions storm the breast;
Vainly I said in calmer hour,
What shock can steady Caution know?
Alas! I felt not then the power
Of gratitude and Yarico.

The hoary precept cold and flow,
A while its influence impart.
But passion beaming melts the snow,
Which caution scatters on the heart.

Though long in frozen maxims arm'd,
 At length I felt my bosom glow,
 Dissolv'd in tenderness, when warm'd
 With gratitude and Yarico.

A C T III.

INKLE, Mr. Johnstone.

SIMPLICITY! thou fav'rite child
 Of heav'nly Nature, chaste and mild,
 Sweet guard of playful youth;
 Thy nakedness is thy defence,
 Thy silent gesture eloquence;
 Thy eloquence is truth.

Ah, say then, who could injure thee,
 Nature's lov'd babe—Simplicity?
 So sweet, so chaste, so mild;
 The worst of wretches who has not
 Thy parent's traces long forgot,
 Could never hurt its Child.

Additional Verses in the FINALE.

Wowsky, Mrs. Martyr.

Whilst all around rejoice,
 Pipe and Tabour raise the voice,

It can't be Wowski's choice,
 Whilst Trudge's to be dumb;
No, no, dey, blithe and gay,
Shall like Massa, Miffy, play,
Dance and sing, hey ding ding,
 Strike fiddle and beat drum.

INKLE, Mr. Johnstone.

Love's convert here behold,
Banish'd now by thirst of gold,
Blest in these arms to fold
 My gentle Yarico.
Hence all care, doubt and fear,
Love and joy each heart shall cheer,
Happy night, pure delight
 Shall make our bosoms glow.

The Revolution, and Gun- powder Plot.

Tune—God save the King.

PATRIOTS of Britain Great,
Now join to celebrate
Two great events ;

Gun-powder Treason and
 The Revolution grand ;
 Joy echo through the land ;
 Time now presents.

Rome, as our records say,
 Aimed upon this day,
 Britain's o'erthrow,
 To blast was her intent,
 Both King and Parliament,
 And Constitution rent,
 All at one blow.

But heaven who Britons aid,
 When foes our rights invade,
 Did frustrate,
 With helping hand divine,
 Her hellish, vile design,
 In a destructive mine,
 Providence great !

The church to overthrow,
 And Romish errors sow,
 James, Britain's King,
 Strove with an ardent zeal,
 But in effect did fail,
 Which gave him cause to 'weal
 Woe! did him sting.

Rul'd by despotic will,
 Patriots no places fill,
 In Church, nor State;
 But injur'd Britons brave,
 * William's assistance crave,
 Who did our freedom save,
 And James defeat.

Britons, the chorus join,
 Ever may Brunswick's line,
 This empire sway;
 May George's progeny,
 Our laws defenders be;
 God bless the family;
 Huzza! huzza!

* *Prince of Orange.*

God Save the King.

GOD save great George, our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

But if I find fault then your tongue it wi I run,
So fast one would think it would never be done;
For if in your humours your'e ever control'd,
I'm certain to hear a most terrible scold.

You rise when you will and sit down when you
please,
Indulging yourself and still taking your ease;
Whilst mine is the labour, 'tis yours is the gain,
But I've naught but ill words and looks for my pains.

But if you're so saucy and puff'd up with pride,
You'll force me e'er long to be banging your hide;
You need to fear I shall pay off your score,
So pray wife take care and provoke me no more.



The Wife's Answer.

SWEET husband I find you have done your dis-
course,
If I have these faults I'm sure they have worse;
To tell of your wives faults you are all of you prone
Yet none of you care to hear of your own.

And whatever failing in women you see,
You should mend in yourselves it would beeter be,
To shew good examples unto your poor wives,
Than lead us wretched and wearisome lives.

You often begin with a very bad plea,
And blame us for drinking innocent tea,
Which is but refreshment our spirits to cheer,
You get drunk with wine and strong beer.

And leave me till one in the morning alone;
Then from the ale-house come staggering home,
And force me to rise out of bed with your din,
And come down in my smock for to let you in.

Then aeling in bed until morning you lie,
You snore and you grunt like a hog in a sty,
And are crop-sick and quarrelsome all the next day,
Is this to be borue Mr. Wiseacre, pray?

Besides in your cups I have known you to stray,
And pick up a wanton miss by the way;
You know it's not fair, I appeal unto you,
To cheat and wrong your wife of her due.

You threaten me too with a very bad cheer,
As banging my hide with a very cheer,
You know the old proverb indeed without doubt,
You may beat old Nick in, but you'll ne'er be t
him out.

And if you should happen to do as you said,
Take care I don't plant something worse on your
head,
Then let us still love and to kindness incline,
You mend your faults and I will mend mine.



Old A D A M.

B*OTH sexes give ear to my fancy,
While in praise of dear women I sing,
Confin'd not to Moll, Nell, nor Nancy
But mates from a beggar to kin.*

Old Adam when first was created,
 And lord of thg universe crown'd,
 His happiness was not compleated,
 Until that an helpmate was found.

He'd all things for food that was wanting,
 That gives such content thro' our lives;
 He'd horses and foxes for hunting,
 Which many love better than wives.

He'd a garden so planted by nature,
 Man cannot produce in this life,
 But yet the all-wise great Creator,
 Still saw that he wanted a wife.

Then Adam was laid in a slumber,
 And there he lost part of his side,
 And when he awoke, with great wonder
 Beheld his most beautiful bride.

In transport he gazed upon her,
 His happiness now was complete,
 He praised his bountiful donor,
 Who thus had bestow'd him a mate.

She was not took out of his head, sid,
 To reign and triumph over man,
 Nor was she took out of his feet, sir,
 By man to be trampled upon.

But she was took out of his side, sir,
 His equal and partner to be,
 But as they are united ene, sir,
 The man is the top of the tree.

Then let not the fair be despised
 Be man, as she's part of himself,
 For woman by Adam was prized,
 More than the whole globe full of wealth.

Man without a woman's a heggar,
 Suppose the whole world he possess,
 And the beggar that's got a giod woman,
 With more than the world he is blest.

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F I N I S.

